

## **Promised to Wait**

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# Promised to Wait

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## Summary

He had died. He had died at 4 sweeps old by her hand, but that was okay. He did the right thing by dying. Right? It doesn't really matter anymore actually, he's dead and there's nothing he can do about it.

But he remembers the promise he made her, he'll keep it. He'll wait, wait until she comes over to where he was. He knows he'll wait a long time but that was okay, he made his word. He'll wait, and from time to time wander around before coming back.

As he waits, he meets people. Dead people he thinks because he was dead too. The people vary, some are very familiar and stuff but they all ask on why and who he was waiting for. They don't usually like his answer, most of them try to make him break his promise but he won't. He'll wait for her, he promised to wait.

(With permission I got to dabble in this little AU by panderly, check out their story! The AU comes from their series called The Second Coming)

- Inspired by [Cull Me](#) by [pendaly](#).

# He'll Wait

## Chapter Summary

He had died at 4 sweeps old, he done the right choice right? A promise remembered and would be kept, he would wait a long time he knows but he promised to wait.

## Chapter Notes

:D I got permission to dabble at this little AU made by an author called ***pendaly***, check it out! It tugs at the heartstrings and I just couldn't resist in making this little thing!

This is right after little Karkat dies in *Cull Me* and wakes up in the Dream Bubbles, there he will meet other dead people. I have no idea on who will come so I will leave it up to you guys to decide! Suggest anyone to come and meet little 4 sweeps old Karkat, but the first one coming up is going to be The Disciple.

pendaly suggested an Ancestor but didn't say who so I decided it to be The Disciple! I would've gone for Dolorosa but I decided to save that for later. After this, suggestions are open! Just comment below and I'll see what I can do. Some of this will either be Fluffy Angst, Angsty Fluff, plain out Fluff or Angst, I don't know. I don't think I tried doing either of these genres but I'll do my best!

Anyway, enough babbling! On to the chapter!  
(*Crap, I think that's the longest note I've ever talking in AO3, I don't really do notes in my other stories... 8|* )

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

He died.

At 4 sweeps old, one Karkat Vantas died.

But he knew it had been the right thing to do, to die that is, right?

He was a mutant after all, his blood was disgusting and *wrong* so he did the right thing, turning himself in to get culled right?

Well, it didn't really matter anymore he guesses. He was dead now, culled by Her Imperious Condescension. Culled by her 2x3dent, stabbing right through him right in front of the view of every troll under her reign.

His thorax, chest and lower belly ached at the memory but after looking underneath the bloody clothing he saw no wound.

He had awoken right where he was culled, the throneblock, only it was empty. His *disgustingly red* blood was around, pooling underneath him in a puddle but he had no wounds though he ached for a while. His clothes were bloody but he didn't really feel the blood on his skin, he actually didn't really feel *anything*. It was really weird.

He looked around, nobody was there. The camera was still there however, still looking at his direction with the intent to film him to every troll out there but... it didn't look turned on...

The young troll groaned and sat up, his body ached even more from the action but it didn't stop him from sitting up. He shakily got to his knees and sat on them for a bit, staring at the red underneath him. He was disgusting. He was wrong. He... was a mutant that was righteously culled, for the good of the empire.

A smile sat on his lips as he realized that, he had died for a good cause. Her Imperious Condescension had told him so! He did the right thing. He did the right thing....

So why was he crying ugly red tinted tears?

The ache grew worse as he held in the tiny sobs that threatened to escape his mouth, Karkat refused to sob. He had already done enough crying before the culling, he was fine! He's already dead and... it wasn't so bad was it? The afterlife was not that bad, he was fine and.... alone.

He looked around one again, yes he was alone. Strange, he would've been sure that there would be others like him. He wasn't the first one to die in The Condesce's throneblock, and he sure wasn't going to be the last. So, why was he alone?

He stood up, ignoring the painful twinges of his thorax and began to wander around the throneblock. He forcibly took his sniffing into control, no crying he tells himself.

He left little footprints along the throneblock as he wandered around, he cringed at that almost thankful he was alone. Staining the throneblock of Her Imperious Condescension would've gotten him culled all over again, he wonders if he can clean it up later.

Karkat checked the camera, it was off but it was still pointing at the spot where he was culled its intent to film his death to every troll underneath The Condesce's reign. Even to those that had traitorous thoughts for Her Imperious Condescension, his death would knock them down a peg. He had done the right thing just like what she told him, the bad trolls out there would learn from his death.

They wouldn't dare try to break from her reign and become traitors now, she would still rule over them just as she always had and will do. It was for the good of the empire, it was for Her Imperious Condescension, it was for his friends, it was...

His friends.

His blood pusher twinged and ached at the thought of his friends, they had surely watched him within their hives. They had seen his dirty red blood, seen it escape his body and seen him dying with it all over him. What were their reactions? Were they disgusted, did they wish they never met you in the light of his mutant status? Or were they proud of him despite their previous reactions to the news of his culling?

He hopes they were proud, it would be a nice thought. But he knew Eridan and maybe Equius would be disgusted or something, Vriska? Probably too,

Gamzee?... He... actually has no clue on that, but maybe it destroyed any pale feelings the Capricorn might have had for him.

A purple highblood having pale feelings for a red mutant like him? It was an incredulous thought. Especially since Gamzee was aiming for his hemo-races well known occupation of Subjugglators, he didn't want Gamzee to be the one responsible to cull him had he lived to see his final pupation.

That would have been harsh for *both* of them especially if they had taken each other as moirails, heck Karkat would have probably been a shitty moirail in the first place. A mutant can't do anything right, their very existence was wrong in the first place. Karkat sniffed, his mind straying to that one troll that The Condesce had mentioned and his hate for that one mysterious and traitorous troll deepened once more.

His blood pusher ached again at the thought for some reason, he shook his head and tried to get those feelings and thoughts away. He mostly succeeded but a stray tear escaped his viewspheres.

He wiped it away harshly.

No more crying was what he promised himself now....

Promise...

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*"Are you scared of dying, Your Majesty, Ma'am?"*

*"Not so much. I've lived a long time. I'm more scared of what would happen to the rest of the galaxy if I did die"*

*"Well... if you die, I'll wait for you on the other side."*

*"Will you? You'll be waiting for a very long time"*

*"Yes... I don't know if everyone on the other side will be nice to you, they might be nicer if I'm with you."*

*She laughs and reaches down to ruffle your hair, “You’re very considerate, Karkat.”*

*You grin at her and wipe your eyes again, taking a deep breath, “Thank you, Your Majesty, Ma’am.”*

---

His promise...

That's right, he had promised her that. Granted he didn't actually *say* promise but...

He glanced at the throne a few feet away from his grave-puddle, *her* throne.

He still said it to her and she probably had that in her mind as she culled you with her 2x3dent. He guesses it was now a promise. Even if it didn't, he had still told her that and he had no idea on what else to do.

He would keep it, to anyone else it wouldn't make sense. Waiting for your culler to meet you again after you were culled by them? What a ludicrous thought!

But... to him? He thought it was worth it, besides he was waiting for *Her Imperious Condescension*! She had ruffled his hair, she had complimented him, she had treated him so kindly despite his blood color. I mean *sure* she was the one who culled him but she had the right to do so!

She even admitted if it were not for his wrong blood color he would've gotten to live with her full support even!

A bright smile appears on Karkat's face at the thought, he decided. He would keep his promise, he would keep it and wait for her. He would wait a very long time this he knew but he would keep his promise, he would see it through. Karkat grinned with determination and sat by the camera, refusing to get near the puddle, *his* puddle of blood.

Yeah, he could wait. Waiting wasn't that hard, he would see her on this side and she would be proud of him just like what she told him before he was culled by her. Her Imperious Condescension would be impressed with him for keeping his promise, so he'll wait.

And wait.

And wait. For a very, long time. He would wait...

Until one day, the boredom was too much and he needed to go somewhere else. The loneliness was getting to him so he needed to go somewhere new, he would come back and continue waiting. He just needed some new scenery, and new scenery did he get.

He wandered outside the throneblock and into somewhere new, the surroundings changed as he left his grave and into the Dream Bubbles as he would learn later on.

He would meet trolls and weird fleshy pink aliens, he would learn from them but no matter what they would say he would continue to wait despite what they would tell him. He would wait as he promised to wait.

And he would keep his promise, no matter what.

Chapter End Notes

And DONE!

I have no idea if I did good or if I did decent or bad, let me know. This is the first time I'm doing something like this and I tried my best :P anyway, the chapter afterwards will feature The Disciple as the first dead troll to meet Karkat. Let's see her reactions shall we? >:3

Anyway, any ideas on who to introduce to wriggler Karkat next? Let me know on who you want, why you want it or how you want it and I'll try my best like always :B



# The Disciple

## Chapter Summary

The Disciple had only stepped out of her cave for a moment, to experience an old and very fond memory. When she came back, her body froze as she took in the sight in front of her. A very young version of her love stood in her cave, dressed in white stained with *bright bloody **candy red*** and was staring at her walls completely covered in her writings and drawings...

Then he turned to stare at her

"Who the fuck are you and where the hell am I? Are you dead too? What is all of this??"

## Chapter Notes

*BLUUH* I didn't mean to get this up so late! >:/  
Sorry, I was kind of busy with the other stories and school so I pushed this back as far as I could without completely forgetting it.  
Surprisingly thinking this chapter was kind of hard, sorry about that. :(  
My mind was mostly preoccupied with other things >:|  
And I'm not really satisfied with chapter but I couldn't think of anything else *bluuuuuuh* >B[

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

He had gotten bored, everyone has gotten bored in their lives and he was no different.

He didn't know what to do in the throneblock besides just wait in his own silence or when he gets bored enough singing or shouting or ranting. Honestly *anything* to liven up the silence and to relent his boredom.

There was no one to talk to, the silence was deafening and he wanted to see something else rather than the same old scenery. Not to mention avoid

his *death puddle grave*.

He still can't stand the color of candy bright red.

He would have changed his clothes by now but he had no other clothes and he refused to go around butt-naked. Even when he was clearly alone.

So he left.

He left the throneblock, left his grave mark puddle, left his final resting place, left the silence and went to find something that would alleviate his boredom.

Even with all that, he still has no idea on how he appeared in the middle of a fucking forest.

He just honestly walked out of the throneblock to another hallway then

***BAM***

This huge ass forest comes out of no where.

What the fuck??

He had only left the throneblock and into a hallway to maybe see some different parts of the hive but then he just ends up in a forest? What?

Was this part of being dead or something?

Whatever, might as well go with it. He doesn't think he can die a second time now that he's dead so he *should* be okay.

Hopefully.

He wanders the forest, looking around and admiring the flora a bit. No one was there to judge him so why the hell not?

He wonders if he's really alone then, so far in what seemed to be like a perigee of being dead he hasn't met anyone else. No other victims of The

Condesce, no other dead trolls, no one. Just him.

He wonders if it's because of his damned mutant blood, maybe it was affecting his afterlife too? *Oh joy...*

Then he finds a cave.

It's a weird ass cave covered in drawings of... *something*.

There are words painted across the walls, little pictures of trolls he knows nothing off. The words are jumbled up and he can't really read them despite being 4 sweeps old, he had been schoolfed enough to know how to goddamned *read* but he couldn't really understand these words. At least, not completely.

Where they some old language??

An old version of the Alternian writing system?

He doesn't know.

He freezes as he sees a mark he knows all too well.

It's *his* mark, the mark his lusus Crabdad gave him.

What the actual *fuck*?!

His mark was drawn in red, and he unconsciously shivered as he sees the drawing drawn in bright hot red. Like molten metal or something and his wrists itch slightly.

Creepy.

Then all of a sudden *he's not alone anymore*.

An *adult troll* is standing at the mouth of the cave, staring at him with wide blank white eyes. Was she dead, was his eyes blank too?

She's an olive blood he thinks as he sees the color she wears and contemplates the mark she wears, it was familiar...

"Who the fuck are you and where the hell am I? Are you dead too? What even *is* all this??"

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She had only stepped out of her cave for just a moment, to witness a very fond memory.

She is The Disciple and she had only stepped out of her cave for a moment's time to see a fond memory.

When she came back however...

She stood in shock at the mouth of her cave. Her body froze as she took in the sight in front of her, her dead heart somehow thumped painfully in her chest.

A very young version of her love stood in her cave, dressed in white stained with *bright bloody **candy red*** and was staring at her walls completely covered in her writings and drawings...

"Who the fuck are you and where the hell am I? Are you dead too? What even *is* all this??"

Well, whoever this young one is. He's certainly not Signless, he rarely swore and he was clearly *dead* at the age of... 4 sweeps.

Oh the poor dear...

"Oh, I'm sorry. I am The Disciple, who might mew be little one?" she asked as she entered her cave, only to stop as the younger troll took a step back, clearly wary of her as well as confused and, scared?

Wait, ***candy red blood***. He was a mutant like Signless!

She barely contained her gasp as she observed him.

He looked so much like your Signless, his horns were nubby too! Was that a mutant trait or something?

He looks at her warily before glancing back at the drawing-filled wall of the cave. To be specific, he was looking at the spot where she had painted the damned shackle signs that became the sign of her Signless. He went by the Sufferer after that, she almost regretted painting the sign.

"... Karkat Vantas... So are you dead too?" he finally answered, Disciple was stunned once more as she heard his name. *Karkat Vantas*? But... Could it be Kankri's *descendant*??

But how?! Kankri, erm *Signless*, never filled a bucket for a drone! He never pailed anyone, and the drones would've recognized Kankri's slurry and immediately disposed of it!

"Erm... yes, unfurrtunately I am dead as well" she answered him as she remembered he didn't just say her name, he asked a question too.

'Karkat' nodded with a scowl on his face, oh he looks so much like Signless it *hurts*! He looked exactly like him especially when he was scowling even though Signless rarely scowled preferring to stay more on the positive side. But that scowl reminded her of the last time she had seen it, the scowl turned into a snarl as the Signless said his final sermon towards the trolls of Alternia that gathered to see him perish.

Disciple clenched her claws, careful to hide them so she wouldn't scare the younger troll in her cave.

Suddenly Karkat seemed to have reached an unknown epiphany as his white eyes widened and his mouth dropped open and pointed at her in shock.

"Wait! Now I remember, you're just like Nepeta! You have her fucking symbol! Wait, am I talking to future version of dead Nepeta?! What the actual fuck?! Seriously what in fuck's name is going on here?!" he

screeched and Disciple winced a bit, her ears stung a little at Karkat's volume but that had been another thing that Signless had been, loud so others could hear his sermons but rarely did he curse.

What was going on indeed.

Then she perked "Nepeta?" she asked in confusion and it seemed her questioned got through to the young troll.

Karkat blinked before opening and closing his mouth a couple of times, his teeth were quite blunt compared to the normal troll another mutant trait perhaps?

"You mean you *aren't* future dead Nepeta?" he asked tentatively and the adult shook her head, confusion on her face.

"No, but if you're asking furr my grub name it's ... Meulin Leijon." Disciple said hesitantly, she had almost forgotten her grub name after all these years. Wow.

Karkat does an impressive impression of a small finnedbeast, mouth hung wide open.

"*L-Leijon?!'*" he shrieked and the purrbeast-loving troll winced once more, it had been a while since she had been around another troll for the past perigees, preferring to stay alone until she found her loved ones but so far she had only met a few... *disliked* individuals and a strange pink alien though that was briefly as the strange thing had been pre-occupied in another juvenile troll with red wings.

*Red Wings.*

Guess that Summoner troll wasn't the only one with the mutation of wings now. Speaking of the troll, it had been sweeps since she had last met him.

Anyway, she focused back on Karkat as he was still shocked into silence after shrieking her last grub name quite loudly.

"Um, is there something wrong with my name?" The Disciple asked carefully and Karkat snapped out of his stupor and began to loudly rant to himself.

"Oh you have *got* to be fucking kidding me! I thought the whole 'Ancestors' fuckery was just some highblood propaganda and bullshit! This *cannot* be Nepeta's Ancestor! What the literal fuck?! Gee Karkat, when you got yourself culled you never expected finding out all that *Ancestry* nonsense to be true now did you?! For fuck's sake! I did *not* sign up for this when I gave myself up as a disgusting freak of nature!"

Disciple reeled as she took in the rant, *ancestor? Her?* Did, did she have a *descendant??* What?

Wait...

'Get yourself culled' 'Gave up' 'Disgusting freak of nature'?

Oh she *did not* like the sound of that.

Maybe she should ask him to clarify on what he's saying.

Thankfully it seemed that Karkat had gotten out of his rant and was seething silently, claws flexing as if trying to find something to grab and claw at.

She needed to know.

"Um, purrdon me young Karki-*Karkat*" she corrected herself quickly, as much as it was a perfect opportunity to add a purrbeast-thing there in Karkat's name, she knew it would likely be a bad idea given how steamed he looked right now "But, what do you exactly mean...?"

Karkat's gaze snapped back to her and he grumbled, collecting himself and breathing deeply before replying.

"I know a troll who's got your fucking grub name, the last of it anyway. She's a... friend, her names Nepeta Leijon and she's got your name, sign symbol, hell she's got your fucking *horns* too. Who *knows* what else she got

from her Ancestor who's dead and standing right in front of me, fuck guess Ancestors are actually a fucking thing... Dammit" Karkat sighed as he slouched over, rubbing his hand over his face tiredly.

"If Terezi, Eridan, hell *Vriska* were even here they would be so fucking smug. Urggh, smug bastards" he groaned as he thought back to them... He ignored the twang in his chest and looked back to The Disciple, he wonders why she chose that tittle and what it stands for.

A troll's adult tittle was very important of course, ~~too bad he would never get one.~~

The Disciple blinked and opened her mouth only to fail in forming words, *she* had a descendant he knew of? Signless's impossible descendant knew of her own descendant, did she too know of his mutation? Were they Quadrant Mates? Or were they a forbidden blur of Quadrants just like she had been with Signless...

Her chest ached at the thought but her curiosity *burned* to know more.

"I... I have a descendant?" she finally asks and Karkat shrugs

"Looks fucking like it"

"Um, were you and her close? Actually, what happened to you? You're too young to be culled..." she trails off and her eyes widened as she stared at the red blotch on Karkat's white shirt.

He had been culled for his blood color of course.

Karkat snarled at her "Yeah, yeah I'm a disgusting freak of nature! I got that! I got culled for my freaky mutant blood. Anyway as for Nepeta. We were friends I guess, never met her in real life, we just mostly talked to each other through Trollian. Though I doubt she even considers me a friend anymore since she saw me get culled by the Condesce on the net like the others..." he trails off softly biting his lip, it still stung a bit, thinking of them like that. But he was done with crying over it, he was dead. Nothing



he could do about that. Besides, he deserved it anyway, being a fucking disgusting red blooded mutant that wasn't even on the hemospectrum....

As for the Disciple?

She was shocked, horrified and *angry*.

She didn't know of this 'Trollian' thing but that wasn't on her mind right now.

The Condesce killed Karkat, Karkat was a mutant and she culled him personally. Her descendant had done *nothing* as Karkat had been culled by the Condesce, they were friends weren't they?! Or maybe she *couldn't* do anything more likely.

Argh! This was frustrating and maddening!

How *dare* she?! Her Imperious Condescension! How *dare she*?! Karkat wasn't in the hemospectrum just like Signless but blood color doesn't mean *anything*! Signless had told them all that someone else would take his place didn't he? That someone was clearly Karkat! But the Condesce was probably afraid of that and culled him early, the cowardly wench!

Wait, 'disgusting freak of nature?' 'Gave himself up?'

What...

Karkat snapped at her, tired of her staring "Yeah I'm a fucking mutant! No need to keep on staring like that! I know I'm a fucking freak okay?! I deserved to get culled, I'm not even on the fucking hemospectrum.." he muttered darkly, a dark frown on his face as he glared with his terrible white and blank eyes.

Oh no.

The Disciple frowned angrily making the young juvenile troll flinch "I don't care about that! The hemospectrum shouldn't even matter, blood is blood no matter the color! A troll is a troll no matter what differences they have! Everyone's stupid to let a thing like the *hemospectrum* rule over us like that!

Mutants shouldn't get culled just because of their mutations, physical, blood, it doesn't matter! And don't call yourself that, you're not a freak! You're not disgusting, you can't help it if your blood's bright red like that!" she exclaimed, angry determination coursing through her as she recalled her beloved.

Mutants deserved so much more, and Karkat was too young to think about all of this!

Karkat gaped at the female adult "B-But, I *am* a freak of nature! The Hemospectrum was there since even *before* Her Imperious Condescension's rule! My blood shouldn't even exist and it's a bad symbol to the trolls of underneath Her Condescension's reign! They'll go against her! I *deserved* be culled!" he argued, his mind going back to her kind sharp albeit terrifying smile the Condesce gave him, she even apologized!

The Disciple couldn't believe what her spongclots were hearing, *what was Karkat saying?!*

"You don't deserve to be culled! You're *not* a freak of nature Karkat! Don't call yourself that, the Condesce is a tyrannical Queen that is blinded by her stupid fuschia color! And your blood is *not* a bad symbol, it's a symbol of hope for every troll out there that believes that everyone can get along without the stupid hemospectrum breathing down our necks and forcing us to go with it all! Her Imperious Condescension's reign is *wrong* as *well* as the *hemospectrum*!"

Karkat gasped and narrowed his eyes, how *dare* she?! What did *she* know?! She was probably one of the trolls that were against the Condesce! Treasonous trolls she called them didn't she?

"The Condesce's reign is *not* wrong! She's a very strong Queen, a very good Queen! My blood is poison and it's a symbol for all the treasonous trolls out there that want to try and go against the kingdom! I was killed in honor, I died in dignity for e-eliminating my-myself from the gene pool. I am obedient, selfless and brave! She said so! Her Imperious Condescension is the best ruler Alternia could ask for!" he seethed, stuttering a bit as his death flashed through his mind and his chest was hurting again. Everything

was hurting again but he was so *angry* at the Disciple, the Condesce had been nothing but kind to him despite him being a mutant!

Karkat's vision go the Condesce might be biased for it but he did the right thing didn't he? No, he *did* the right thing! He did the right thing, he did it. He killed himself for the right reason. His friends were proud he died with honor, he was sure they were.

~~So why does everything hurt? and when did he started crying those blasted blasphemous red tears again?~~

The Disciple gasped and reeled back, she couldn't *believe* what Karkat was saying. *What and why was he saying?!*

She was about to reply angrily but then she sees the bright transparent tears that run down his face and instantly shuts her mouth and swallows her angry retort because *how dare he* and that anger cuts out as she stares at the crying juvenile.

His face seemed to tinge slightly as if he was in a little pain, she felt worry and concern within her instead of anger.

"Um, Karkat, are you okay?" she asked in worry, she may have not liked what he had been saying before but that didn't mean she hated Karkat. He was only a kid after all, a scared kid that grew up in a scary civilization.

Kids can be influenced, she realized and then it made sense. Karkat seemed to have grown on his own, he survived the deadly caverns against all odds and maybe a *lusus* found him but he had grown alone, not like Signless who had Dolorosa with him then eventually her and Psiinoiic.

No, he grew up in a society controlled by a Queen who encouraged death to others who she deemed as 'wrong' and had probably encouraged more propaganda now than before. It wasn't his fault, he didn't know what he was saying and what he had done he was only 4 sweeps old it seemed. He had been manipulated by The Condesce.

Karkat glared at The Disciple, he ignored his tears for a moment and glared at her even more but was confused as her face contorted to worry and something akin to realization. He finally decided it was time for him to go, it was a mistake leaving the Condesce's throneblock. He should have been more patient and stayed there a little longer or maybe he should have gone somewhere else rather than this stupid cave that he *still* knew nothing about!

His eyes darted towards the cave entrance which was behind Disciple who looked to be deep in thought, he had only one chance. He didn't want to stay in this cave with her anymore, not when she was going to say he had been wrong in his decisions and was being so fucking *weird* about him. Him not being a freak? Bah!

His body tensed and suddenly he flung himself forward, the Disciple snapped back from her thoughts as Karkat slid through her legs and ran out of the cave. Young trolls did have a lot of stamina, and they were smaller than adults and could duck under an adults legs easily if they had the opportunity.

Disciple gasped "No, Karkat wait!!" she yelled as the young mutant escaped from the mouth of the tunnel. She took off after him, but somehow the juvenile was faster than her as he ducked into the trees and made it out of her Dream Bubble. She had lost his small frame for just a moment and that moment was enough for him to get out of the Bubble and into another.

The oliveblood made a sound of distress and a little frustration before coming to a decision, she stepped out of her Bubble once more and made her way into another. Determined to find the mutant juvenile and try to get him see that the Condesce was not whatever he thought her to be.

Karkat in the meanwhile panted slightly as he slouched on his knees, who knew the dead could still get tired?

The young redblooded troll panted and growled as he furiously wiped away the tears, still angry at the Disciple and at himself.

He took a few minutes to get a breather before sucking in a deep breath and letting it go. He straightened himself and looked up, wondering where the hell he was now.

## Chapter End Notes

There we go!!

Finally! >:[

Again, I'm sorry for not posting this sooner but **BLAAARG!!**

Anyway, that's Disciple done! So, who's next on the list for kiddie

Karkat to meet next?

# Dave Strider

## Chapter Summary

What the *fuck*

Who the fuck is this douche? *What the fuck* is this douche??

Okay, aliens have fucking shades

Why is the afterlife so fucking weird.

## Chapter Notes

FINAFUCKINGLY!

I am soo sorry for those who were waiting a long ass time for the next chapter! I was putting this on hold because of school but now that school's over I can continue this!

Warning though, with my other stories on my plate the updates for this story will be random, like probably once in 3 weeks. Sorry.

HOPE YOU ENJOY!

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

'*What. The. Actual. **Fuck***' Karkat thought as he stared at his surroundings.

It looked so strange.

There was a vertical snuggle platform with all the quadrant symbols on the snuggleplane covering it, how shameful and *weird*, the block he was in was filled with random things with a lot of them he didn't really even know about.

*Also-was that a load gaper in the middle of whatever block this was??*

There was also a strange machine in the room but he ignored that in favor of contemplating what the fuck was going on.

"Karkles?"

Karkat whirls around, form tense and ready to flee only to slack with confusion and surprise. "What the *fuck*." He blurted out as he stared at the strange being before him.

He, depending if it was actually a *he* by voice, was a strange creature, troll shaped but lacking the horns, gray skin, claws and was dressed in dark red with some kind of douche-like black-tinted ocular covers like Sollux recently had gotten for his wriggling day but his was red and blue-tinted instead of black.

*Why would he need black-tinted ocular coverings anyway? Was it because his room was so damn bright???*

The young troll took a step back. The motion did not go unnoticed by the other, who frowned at him.

"Karkat? Why the fuck are you so sma... wait, you're a dead Karkat." Realization hitting him, thought you couldn't really tell by his face aside from the raised brows and the slight shift at his tone of voice. "Well shit, this is unexpected. Wait, you're so tiny, does that mean you died young? The hell, what are you wearing?" He goes on and takes a step forward only to stop as Karkat hissed at him, literally, a feral and panicked hiss escaped the young deceased troll.

"*S-Stay back!*" Karkat barked, back firmly against the giant unknown machinery in the room.

He was just, *so done* with today! All he wanted to do, was escape the slight boredom he had gotten when he was waiting in the throneblock! He should have known it was a mistake to leave the block, or at least, *somehow end up in that forest cave with fucking ANCESTOR LEIJON!*

The alien, because what else could Karkat call him? Held his hand up placatingly but it didn't really help.

"Woah there mini-Karkles, I'm not gonna hurt ya. I promise."

It was then that Karkat realized that the alien *knew his name*.

He was understandingly *very* freaked out at the moment.

Karkat somehow felt his dead pump biscuit beat faster, which was impossible because he was *dead*, and all he wanted right now was to go back to the throneblock and wait like the good mutant he could be by waiting for The Condesce.

"H-How do you know my name? Where am I? Who are you-*What* are you?!"

He was pretty sure he was hyperventilating now, taking in unnecessary deep breaths. Could ghosts breath? He doesn't know, this was all too much for a young 4 sweeps old troll.

"Hey hey, calm down now. Man, this is awkward, I know you but you don't know me. Well little dead-Karkitty," the alien ignored the indignant hiss from the younger dead troll, "the name's Dave Strider. I'm a human and I know your name because you told me."

Karkat growled, "*Lies! I didn't tell you shit fucker!*"

Had his *lusus* been there he would have surely took a claw to his rump for his language but he wasn't, shit fuck sorry Crabdad so sorry, so Karkat was free to curse all he wanted.

It was slightly invigorating actually, and made him a bit better given the situation.

'Dave' shook his head, "Nah man, it's true. It's as true as the fact you and I are here dude, fuckin' use magic truth serum on me and I'd say the same thing. Wait, actually no because I think Rose actually *does* have truth serum, who knows with her and her vague and mysterious witchy-seer ways."

Dave sees the look of 'what-the-fuck-are-you-spouting-out-of-your-mouth-right-now' from little Karkat, which was impressive since the dead little guy



didn't have any eyes because he was, well *dead*...

Actually, he looked at the young troll, *really* looked at him and frowned at the bright red stain that was so obviously clear on the white clothes he wore Dave wondered what the hell was wrong with his sight for him to miss that.

Karkat could feel the 'Dave human' stare at his chest, he flushed angrily as he crossed his arms petulantly and growled at him. "What?"

The blonde Knight of Time shook his head, "Nothing, it's just... Sorry if this is personal and all but, how did you die?"

Karkat snarled at him, "None of your damn business 'Dave Human'. Also, you're a fucking liar. I don't ever recall giving you my name, I've never even met or heard of you before! How in the *world* is that the truth if you say *I* told you my name!?"

"Calm down mini-Kar, look, it's complicated. You're dead, that's obvious I know, but there's a version of you out there *not dead* and *he* told me his, your, name." Dave explained. Poorly.

Karkat deadpanned in the most flattest voice he's ever done, "What."

"Like I said, it's complicated. It'd be better if you asked someone else, I ain't the expert here. But at any rate, that's how I know your name and I swear to gog that's the truth."

Karkat snorted, "Whatever. I'm so tired of today, ugh, first that crazy meowbeast-female adult and now an honest to fuck damn *alien* by the name of 'Dave', what the fuck did I do to deserve this after life?" He laughed bitterly, "*Oh yeah*, I'm a fucking freak of nature, a mutant-blooded piece of trash, I deserve this..." he muttered, picking at his threshcutioner shirt and forgetting the now-deeply frowning Dave as he looked down to his blood-stained clothes.

It was really nice of the Condesce to give him the uniform, a Threshcutioner uniform, shows to the stupid Leijon ancestor; Her Imperial

Condescension was a nice empress, she had the right to cull him but she gave him a cool Threshcutioner uniform and a quick death, something he probably didn't deserve with his freaky bright red blood.

"Hey now, don't talk like that Karkitten, you're not trash."

Karkat was snapped out of his thoughts by Dave who was looking at him with a deep deep frown, oh yeah, the alien human thing 'Dave'. "What?" He asked in confusion.

"You aren't trash and you aren't a freak of nature. Don't call yourself that, christ what the fuck happened to let you think that when you're like, what? 6, 8 years old?"

Karkat narrowed his eyes angrily at him, "And what do *you* know shithead? Also, the fuck is a year? I'm 4 sweeps old!" He says indignantly, flushing when his voice cracked embarrassingly, oh what great timing.

"Cute, but seriously, don't call yourself bad shit like that. You're a great guy, well kid right now but you grew up an okay troll to me. Who cares if you have red blood? Red blood doesn't mean freak of nature kid." Dave said, coming closer and kneeling beside him, ignoring the warning hiss he got from the other.

Karkat glared at him with empty white eyes that were beginning to accumulate transparent red tears again, Dave inwardly panicked, actually it wasn't all inward as Karkat glared at him and moved ways a bit away from the very concerned human.

"I still don't know what the fuck you're talking about, and again, what the fuck do you know? You're an alien! You don't understand and you probably never will, I was never suppose to be hatched fuck nuts, I deserved my culling and no one is going to convince me otherwise! Not you, not that meowbeast adult ancestor fuck Leijon! No one!"

Okay, Dave was now 100% *very much* concerned over this tiny dead version of Karkat who was hating himself *even more* so than his alive and teenage version of himself! And that was saying something! He and

everyone else on the meteor, besides Gamzee the chucklefuck, were already trying to get Karkat out of his self-loathing with medium and frankly slow progress.

It was slow but he was getting better at not blaming himself for every gogdamn thing that happened and hating his candy red blood.

He felt the urge to help this little Karkat, and by gog he *would* help this little Karkat.

"Look, you-*the shit?!'*"

"*Karkat!*"

Dave was interrupted by one Post-Scratch Meulin Leijon, aka The Disciple who suddenly dropped from absolutely fucking *nowhere* and landed across the rooms. Karkat jolted at the sight of her and the sound of his name.

Disciple sighed in relief at the sight of him, "There you are, I finally found you! Don't run off like that you worried me." She said, taking a step forward only to pause as she sees Karkat ready to sprint and run off again. "Karkat please, don't run away again. I just want to talk, I promise, I'm not going to hurt you." '*You've been hurt enough little one*'

Karkat glared at her, "No! Not after you insulted Her Condescension like that, I'd rather you leave me the fuck alone!"

Dave stood up, gaining the attention of both trolls, "Okay, I have no idea what the fuck is going on here."

The Disciple looked at him warily, "And you are?"

"Dave Strider, kick ass Knight of Time and confused as fuck human at your service. Wait, what's this about the Condesce? Isn't she the evil tyrant fish lady that the other told me and Rose?"

Karkat snarled, "Don't call her evil! She's not, she's a great ruler and she's not a tyrant! She's doing her best and freaks like me are the reason why there's trouble in her glorious empire! I'm proud to be gone so that she can

rule in peace without my disgusting blood causing trouble!" The Disciple let out a small hiss at that, angry, but not at Karkat. It was clear it was going to be a hard time to get Karkat to face the truth, that that *bitch* was just as that strange creature said. An evil tyrant.

Dave stared at the smaller Karkat as the pieces connected themselves together.

*Yeah they really needed to help this tiny Karkat at once.*

But before both Dave or The Disciple could say anything else, Karkat quickly climbed the machine and jumped out the open window.

*"Karkat no!"*

*"Shit Karkitten don't-!"*

Too late, Karkat was out the window and out of the bubble in a flash.

This time, he continued on, ignoring the surroundings and desperate to go back to the throne block.

Surprisingly enough, after a few minutes he was back in the throneblock, standing on his death puddle and panting heavily. Transparent red tears mixing in with the puddle of red blood, he heaved and fell to his knees, too tired to move from the spot he had died originally and hoped that both the Dave Human and the Ancestor Leijon would follow him to what he would now consider as his comfort place.

He eventually moved from the puddle and sat on the foot of the throne, and curled up, tired.

It would be a long time before he would go outside the bubble and explore, but then again...

The third person he encountered was in that throneblock, they just wandered in and saw the dead little Karkat just sitting on the foot of the throne and they stared into each other's gazes.

*'What now?'*

## Chapter End Notes

DONE

Im sorry it came out so late, like WOW, months. Bluh.

Im tired, ill talk in the next chapter but i hope enjoyed this one!

Goodbye folks! Till next time!

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